

White Blues

Game Theory

Dawn of the dead
Close your mouth cause it won't be fed
In this brave new world you're on your own, they said
But don't think twice if you make some mistakes tonight
There's time enough to find your place
(What you want and what's at stake)
There's room to bend before you break
And miles to go before before you wake
White Blues Now! It's all trash now
White Blues Now! Throw it all away
Oh, Mr Kurtz, man, we love you so much it hurts
You've shown us what it means to self-assert
You win our fights
You keep the cliffs of Dover white
And you've put surprises in our dreams
One tense moment's all we need
To dig a grave of sand and weeds
And write on it who fails and who succeeds
Here lies another case of stepping on too many faces
They drove him uptown, they ran him around
They plowed him six feet under
Thought he never lost an inch of ground
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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